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HOWE
TRIUMPHANT!
OR,
THE GLORIOUS
FIRST OF JUNE.

An Heroic Poem.

BY
ROMAINE JOSEPH THORN,
AUTHOR OF
CLITO AND DELIA—MAD GALLOP, OR A TRIP TO DEVIZES—
RETIREMENT—BRISTOLIA, &c.

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HOWE TRIUMPHANT!

AONIAN MAIDS, assist my humble Muse,
Who, fain would loudly tune her trembling lyre,
In ceaseless praise of HOWE's immortal name :
Oh, leave, awhile, *Parnassus*' sacred mount,
Your blest'd resort, and, kindly, to my breast
A visit make; there, lib'rally infuse
An ample portion of your rage divine !
Come, thou, too, Thracian MARS, and yield thy aid,
If, (mid the Warrior's Groans, and clang of arms)
The poet's lay, thy notice, can attract ;
For, I shall not (as lately I was wont)
In plaintive accents, and pathetic strains,
Record a *Clito's* and a *Delia's* love.

Or sing *Retirement's* groves, and tranquil joys;
Bristol's various charms; nor hum'rous tale
 Of such as scamper'd to *Devizes'* town,
 With mud bedaub'd, and soak'd in plenteous show'rs,
 And, who, when at the destin'd goal, arriv'd,
 Found bed, nor board! Those themes, I now forego
 For bloody war, thy *own peculiar boast*;
 'Tis that shall constitute my present song.

Now, when BRITANNIA, rous'd to mighty rage,
 Against the murd'rous sons of Gallia's shore
 (Who, ev'ry law, divine, and human, break,
 Who slew their Monarch, and deny their God)
 Her Fleet equipp'd; Immortal HOWE, she chose
 To waft her thunder o'er the boist'rous deep,
 And hurl her vengeance on the cruel foe.
 Great HOWE commands! and, forthwith he displays
 The British flag; his eager failors, spring
 Like bounding Roes, upon the lofty yards,
 And spread the spacious canvas to the breeze.

Incessant

Incessant noise, and loud huzzas prevail
 Throughout the fleet, the while his gallant crews,
 With brawny arm, and chearful soul, uplift
 The massy anchor from its wat'ry bed.
 Elate with joy, their shouts, united, shake
 The neighb'ring shores, and, penetrate the sky
 With force so great, that, far above the clouds,
 The feather'd people, as they cleave the air,
 Receive the shock ; who, wond'ring at the roar,
 And terror-struck, with palpitations wild,
 Their pinions stretch, and fly the hubbub, huge.*

Now

* Those of my readers who are conversant with Plutarch, will readily discover that I am indebted to that author for this idea ; and, that I may not appear to have exceeded the bounds of probability, I think it will not prove amiss to subjoin the following passage from his Life of Pompey.

“ Incensed at this proposal, they set up such a shout, that a crow, which was flying over the *Forum*, was stunned with the noise of it, and fell down among the crowd. Hence we may conclude, that when birds fall on such occasions, it is not because
 the

Now, cloth'd in grandeur, on the swelling waves,
Britannia's castles ride; her hoary cliffs,
 Like lightnings, swiftly vanish from her tars,
 Whose hearts exult to leave their native land,
 In quest of *Gallia's* sons. Oft, on the mast,
 Th' impatient seamen, climb, and, longing, look
 O'er ocean's bosom for their tardy foes;
 Enrag'd to find them from their eager view
 So long with-held, they curse their luckless fate,
 And, disappointed, deem each hour an age,
 In which they're sunder'd from their wish'd-for prey.
 At length, the hostile squadron, from afar,
 Their ravish'd eyes descry! *HOWE*, too, beholds!
 And greater transports rush upon his soul
 Than those sustain, who, having long endur'd
 Each varied pang of poverty, and woe,

At

the air is so divided with the shock as to leave a *vacuum*, but rather, because the sound strikes them like a blow, when it ascends with such force, and produces so violent an agitation."

See *Laughorne's* *Plu.* octavo edition 1792, vol. 4th, Page 146.

At once, experience *Fortune's* richest gifts.
 Forthwith his ships, a gen'ral chace, commence,
 And, through the foaming waves as swiftly plough,
 As flies the arrow from the Indian bow.
 For bloody fight, the fearless tars, prepare,
 And clear the spacious decks ; whilst some descend
 With nimble step, adown the warlike ship,
 And snatch their hammocks from their secret births ;
 These, brought above, the gallant vessels' sides
 Are quickly fix'd around, and, serve to screen
 The jolly seamen from the missive shot.
 The sailor, now, with love of glory, fir'd,
 In mind, already combats with the foe,
 Nor thinks on ought besides, save, lovely SUE!
 Whose dear idea, from his faithful breast
 Extracts the heartfelt sigh : A moment's space
 He ponders on her charms, then, full of Mars,
 Foregoes the thought, and rushes to the fray.

'Tis tumult all! and, dreadful is the din
 Of pond'rous cannon, rumbling on the deck,

Whilst

Whilst squally blasts rebellowing through the shrouds,
 And shouts of sailors, burning for the war,
 Augment the horrors of the dire alarm.

Meanwhile, immortal HOWE, approaching near
 Proud Gallia's fleet, ascends the quarter-deck,
 And, full of ardour for his country's weal,

In words, like these, his fearless crew, harangues :

“ Now, now, my brave, my conqu'ring British tars,

“ Your courage shew ; the wish'd-for foes at hand,

“ Shall yield you glories, never equall'd yet,

“ In all the lists of fame ; be steady, boys !

“ Reserve your fire, nor, let a single gun

“ Discharge its entrails, 'till your noble ships

“ Are closely link'd with yonder hostile fleet.

“ This glorious day, *the First of June*, shall prove

“ Replete with horror, to the sons of France,

“ Whilst loyal Britons, shall in joyous strains

“ Its wonders, sing, and crown its blest return

“ With flowing bowls, to sacred GEORGE's name.”

Here ends the chief, and, straight a gen'ral cry

Of

Of "*Lead us on*," prevails; through ev'ry ship
 The ardour runs, and "*Death, or Victory*,"
 In mighty shouts, resounds unto the sky.

Th'opposing hosts, at cables length, apart,
 Begin the bloody work. At once, they ope
 Their num'rous ports, and instantly propel
 The murd'ring cannon through their vessels' sides.
 A thousand horrid thunders forthwith burst,
 And shake the world: the wide horizon, round
 Re-echoes to the roar, and, ocean's realms,
 Incessant flame, and clouds of smoke, involve.
 Great *Howe*, (in naval tactics nobly skill'd,)
 Like Jove's own lightning, rushing on his foes,
 Destroys their line; then, terror and dismay
 Pervade them all, and fiercer horrors seize
 Their trembling souls, than those, which *Turnus*, felt,
 When, in the combat with *Eneas*, fam'd,
 He, fully conscious of his pending fate,
 Beheld the *Diræ* flutt'ring o'er his eyes.
 High, on the Deck, the vet'ran Hero, stands,

B

And

And, 'mid the thickest thunder of the war,
 Commands his tars,—his daring tars, obey,
 And, all their fury driving on their foes,
 Deal vast destruction round. The fatal balls,
 By thousands, flying through their crowded ships,
 A dreadful carnage make, and, load their decks
 With heaps of slain, while, horrid to behold!
 From ev'ry scupper of their lofty tow'rs,
 Runs out a stream of human blood apace,
 Which, falling in the main, for miles around,
 The briny waves, discolours with its hue.
 So closely now, the hostile navies fight,
 That, on the outside of their spacious ports
 The desp'rate Frenchmen come, and fix their feet
 On British ships, the while, their guns they load!
 But, Howe's brave sailors, at the insult, rous'd,
 The bar-shot snatch, and, on their hapless heads
 With mighty rage, inflict the deadly stroke,
 Which sends them, flound'ring, in the gulf below.
 At each broadside, by English seamen, giv'n,
 Masts, yards, and rigging, with tremendous crash

Come

Come tumbling in the sea, and, with them bear
 The fate of hundreds, who, from shot escap'd,
 Their exit, find, within the raging main.
 So, when a whirlwind, thro' the forest spreads
 It's potent rage, tall elms, and sturdy oaks,
 Unable, longer to sustain its force,
 Are torn asunder from their fibrous roots,
 And, stretch'd at length, a mighty ruin, lie!

Within his palace, 'mid the boundless deep,
 As NEPTUNE, on his AMPHITRITE's breast
 Enamour'd lay, he heard the dreadful roar.
 Amaz'd, he starts, and, high above the flood
 Erects his head; his goddess, too, attends,
 And, wond'ring what the awful tumult makes,
 She, thus interrogates her pow'ful lord:
 " What mean these lightnings fierce, these thunders loud,
 " Which now our ancient, wat'ry world invade
 " With greater noise, than when the Titans strove
 " Thy brother to dethrone? Not, even then,
 " When hills on hills, were pil'd unto the clouds,

" Such uproar, huge, prevail'd ! Say, what the cause,

" And who the victors, and the vanquish'd are ?

" For, if I judge aright, the latter need

" Thy hand to screen them from the conqu'ror's rage."

To whom, great NEPTUNE, kindly, thus replies.

" Hast thou, of fam'd *Britannia*, never heard,

" Who, next ourself, is worthiest to command

" This vast domain ? For ages hath she reign'd

" The mistress of the deep, and made the world,

" The subject world, obey her awful frown.

" Justice, and mercy o'er her land preside,

" And Alfred's laws, which, even in the bud

" So pregnant prov'd with ev'ry good effect,

" Is ripen'd, now, in GEORGE's happy reign.

" Yon conqu'ring fleet, she, lately hath equipp'd

" To curb accursed FRANCE, whose guilty hand

" Hath dar'd to spill her sacred Monarch's blood !

" Th' immortal pow'rs, can yield her no relief,—

" So great her crimes ! but, ev'ry God shall hurl

" His hottest thunder on her destin'd head.

" My winds shall, henceforth, on her navy blow

" With

" With fatal rage; nor, shall her sons again
 " E'er prove victorious on my liquid realms.
 " Immortal Howe, th' unerring Fates, decree,
 " Shall captive, tow the proudest of her ships
 " To Britain's shore, while all the nations round
 " Shall sing his praise, and hail the glorious deed.
 Thus spake the God, and, with his blooming spouse,
 He forthwith plung'd beneath the foaming flood,
 And fought the regions of his old abode.

The battle rages! and, amid its roar,
 The gallant BRUNSWICK, nobly combats three
 Of Gallia's ships, undauntedly, she bears
 Their dreadful fire, which, like a torrent comes
 From ev'ry quarter, on her batter'd hull.
 She, in her turn, of British thunder, gives
 A sample, good; witness, one luckless ship,
 The JACOBIN yclep'd, which, closely join'd
 In fatal contact with her whole broadside,
 Receives its dire contents, and, down she goes
 With all her num'rous crew; who, awful sight!

Aloud

Aloud, exulting, meet their destin'd fate.*
 So, may the House of Brunswick, ever crush
 Sedition's sons, and Jacobinic rage!
 From three huge ships, the MARLB'ROUGH too, alone,
 Sustains a dreadful fire: With dauntless soul,
 Her great commander, 'mid a show'r of balls,
 Excites his men to launch her thunder forth.
 Her thunder roars! and rids their crowded decks
 Of half their crews; the rest, ply ev'ry sail,
 And, trembling, fly, to shun impending fate.

Nor, shall the fam'd AUDACIOUS, 'scape unsung;
 She, daring ship! maintain'd unequal war
 With one, the largest of the Frenchmen's fleet,
 Amid nocturnal shades; long time she fought,
 And pour'd so well, her vengeance on the foe,
 That Gallia's ship, dismasted by the fray,
 And, sorely batter'd in her monstrous hull,
 Her fate experienc'd in old Ocean's Gulf.†

But

* This ship, it is supposed, had 900 men on board, out of which, not a single person escaped.—† This vessel is thought to have been the Revolutionaire of 120 guns. The action happened in the night of the 28th May.

But, 'mid her lay, oh! MONTAGUE, the Muse
 Laments thy hapless lot! Replete with death,
 The bullet flew, and pierc'd thy gallant breast,
 Whilst on the deck, thou, bravely, didst exhort
 Thy hardy tars, to glory and renown.
 Oh, could thy brother, in the bloody strife,
 His fleet have brought, how would the vet'ran chief
 Have hurl'd his thunders on proud Gallia's host,
 And fully satisfy'd thy martial shade!
 He, and his grateful country, now remain,
 To praise thy valour, and deplore thy loss.
 A HUTT, and HARVEY, richly, too, deserve
 A tribute from the muse; these, victims, fall
 To horrid war, and, by their death, ensure
 Unfading laurels, and immortal Fame.

Now, on all quarters, haughty Gallia's ships
 Are put to shameful rout. Six, Howe secures,
 (Her shatter'd navy's pride) and safely brings
 To Britain's joyful shore; the rest, escape
 His conqu'ring fleet, and, crowding ev'ry sail, :

In crippled state, regain their sadden'd ports,
Or, leaky, founder in the vast abyfs.

Hail, sacred George! my humble muse, would fain,
Before she puts a period to her lay,
A moment sing of thee. Thy fame shall last
'Till time shall end his race; thy loyal sons,
For ever foremost, *Justice* to support,
Shall rule the main, and make th'obsequious world
(In spite of fell sedition and its crew)
Obey thy nod; nor, whilst a HOWE is thine,
Shall *Treason* vile, or *Jacobinic* rage,
E'er shake the basis of thy solid throne.



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